

Evening Public Ledger

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

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Published daily at 1200 Locust Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.
 LONDON: CENTRAL, Broad and Chancery Streets, London, E.C. 4.
 NEW YORK: 1000 Metropolitan Tower, 1000 Metropolitan Tower, New York, N. Y.
 DETROIT: 1000 Ford Building, 1000 Ford Building, Detroit, Mich.
 CHICAGO: 1000 Tribune Building, 1000 Tribune Building, Chicago, Ill.

NEWS BUREAUS:
 WASHINGTON: 1000 Locust Building, 1000 Locust Building, Washington, D. C.
 NEW YORK: 1000 Metropolitan Tower, 1000 Metropolitan Tower, New York, N. Y.
 LONDON: CENTRAL, Broad and Chancery Streets, London, E.C. 4.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:
 The Evening Public Ledger is sent to subscribers in Philadelphia and surrounding towns at the rate of twelve (12) cents per week, payable in advance.
 By mail to points outside of Philadelphia, in the United States, Canada, or other States, postpaid, postage free. Five (5) dollars per month. Six (6) dollars per year. Payment in advance.
 To all foreign countries one (1) dollar per month. Payment in advance.
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Philadelphia, Monday, January 13, 1919

ALAS, POOR PIEZ!

FOR the gentlemen of Congress, too, these days are filled with sorrow and the shocks of disillusionment.

Whenever someone in Washington became intolerable, whenever life upon a governmental sidetrack seemed too grievous to be borne, and in those bitter hours when there was nothing about which one might speak loudly for the record, Hor Island always glowed in the distance as an assurance of blessed relief in days to come.

Every one knows that all things aren't as they should be at Hor Island. There was much hurry, many mistakes, slews of money spent. Thoughts of the days of formal investigation were silver linings in the congressional cloud.

There was Schwab, a great personality against which resonant questions could thunder with reverberations that would be felt over the breadth of the land. There was Hurley, a majestic figure, a great man, whose presence in the witness chair at a "probe" would make any western member purr in giddy bliss.

But Schwab has taken ship and gone away! He will be in Europe for an indefinite period upon important business.

Mr. Hurley, too, has gone voyaging the seas in a ship he didn't build, and no one knows when he will return.

There remains only Piez!

All the oratory, all the patriotic fervor, all the rages piled up in Congress, all the indignation that can surge and swirl in the souls of fevered members of a minority party must ultimately break and thunder against Piez.

Congress will have a bleak sense of having been evaded cruelly. An opportunity to toll great words of patriotism, to rise in wrath, to declaim against wickedness in a suitable manner is gone forever. And wait till they get Piez!

The name of Prussia, said Hertling, will vanish from the map of Europe. Here is an opportunity for Gehenna to change its name.

WHIRLIGIG POLITICS
 IN 1908 David Lloyd George's sponsorship of the old-age pension bill shocked and startled English Tories. A year later his budget, with its drastic income tax provisions and its plan for confiscation of 20 per cent of income in land values proclaimed him as "the old man of radicalism." His successful efforts to cripple the veto power of the House of Lords came as a stunning climax. If the noble peers had known what Bolshevism meant they would have bombarded him with the epithet.

In 1919 Andrew Bonar Law, Earl Curzon, George Nicholas Barnes, Viscount Milner, Austin Chamberlain, Arthur J. Balfour and Winston Churchill are made pillars of Lloyd George's cabinet. Toryism is impressively buttressed and a famous catchy quatrain is bundled off into the limbo of disrepute. Quoth W. S. Gilbert in days gone by:

"Every boy and every girl
 That's born into the world alive
 Is either a little Liberal
 Or else a little Conservative."

Disillusionment would have been the fruit of a longer life for this humble versifier.

The man who'll be best chosen to sympathize with the word president, should any be appointed, is Walter D. Hines, director general of railroads. The two jobs pretty evenly divide the empire of complexity.

CAPITALIZING GERMAN "CHAOS"
 SIGNIFICANT evidences of an unscrupulous German fortify a logical deduction that Junkerism has not ceased to plot and that it will strive with characteristic craft and moral obliquity to escape the consequences of justice at the peace table.

B. F. Kospoth, the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER's correspondent in Bern, where exceptional opportunities exist for sifting truth from propaganda and subtle falsifying, has assembled these sinister facts in his series of articles, "The New German Menace," the first of which was published Saturday. His second letter will be found on another page today. A third will be published on Wednesday.

Backed by authentic information, Mr. Kospoth interprets the Bolshevist and Socialist dress which the Hun is now donning as a possibly convenient cloak where-with to disguise aggressive purposes. Currents of intrigue seeking to divide the Allies and to provoke such labor unrest in Allied countries that the peace principles may be treated "like another scrap of paper" are clearly traceable.

Doubtless the most rabid reds are inspired with a crack-brained sincerity, but their very frenzy is susceptible of ingenious exploitation by monarchists and by the militarists, employing the in-

strument nearest at hand for their schemes.

The course of the German "revolution," as outsiders observe it, is devious with inconsistencies. The clue which Mr. Kospoth provides gives them an ugly harmony. The note of warning which he sounds is not to be discounted.

REPUBLICAN HOPES REST ON IDEAS, NOT "KNOCKS"

Enlightened Leadership Must Show Something More Constructive Than Democratic Errors to Win Next Year

PREPAREDNESS being one of the watchwords of the party, the Republican political leaders these days are spending a good deal of time at the grindstone putting an edge on their weapons for the 1920 presidential campaign. The formal conference of the national committee last week at Chicago and many informal sessions in the lobbies of Congress in Washington show that the minds of the leaders are now concentrated on next year's election.

There is much talk of "issues" and "principles." The national committee members discussed many topics both in and out of the regular sessions, but it was obvious from the news reports that none was regarded as such irresistible appeal or permanent value as to rise to the distinction of what Mr. Bryan used quadratically to call "paramount."

The truth of the matter is that the committee members are groping in the dark. It would have been folly for the committee to attempt to frame or even tentatively outline any planks in a platform at this distance from the campaign. Rash, indeed, would be the politician who today attempted to foretell what is likely to happen in the next twenty months.

But from Washington come rumbles which have an ominous sound. We are told that some Republican leaders, backed by a number of Democratic members of sympathy with the Administration, are planning a series of investigations intended to rake up ammunition for the campaign out of the mistakes and blunders of the Administration during the war. There is even a suggestion that certain secretly disgruntled Democrats themselves may attempt to grill different administrative departments before the present session ends on March 4.

No doubt there is much still remaining to be cleared up satisfactorily. It could not be otherwise, considering the magnitude of the task and the complete state of unpreparedness with which the nation entered the war, although for two years previously that entrance had seemed inevitable. It is certain that many administrative flaws not already revealed can yet be exposed.

If such investigations are undertaken in the proper spirit they may be entirely proper. But politically they may be found to be loaded with TNT. A few false moves by some of the loud-mouthed but insincere gentlemen of both parties who are seeking solely to make political capital for partisan ends or to serve grudges would very quickly swing public sentiment the other way and nullify the political effect of any verdict of negligence or inefficiency which might be found.

The people today are in a curious frame of mind. They are not thinking along party lines. And they are inclined to look for the big result more than to find fault with details of how it was obtained. Even though it might be shown that there was gross incompetency in many of the departments; that there was much waste of public money in getting the war machinery into running order; that officials here and there were not up to their jobs; that the Administration required too much time and prod to find itself, and that even the President himself did not quickly enough realize how badly the various bureaus were functioning a year ago, such revelations might not absolutely convince the people that the final outcome was unsatisfactory in the main. It is not to be forgotten that America DID win the war, and win it handsomely, once it got under way.

Of course, President Wilson, as the chief executive of the country, as well as the self-conscious leader of the Democratic party, must expect to answer to Congress for his stewardship. Although much against the inclination of many Senators and Representatives, who, perhaps, with some color of reason, resented the failure of the President to take them into his confidence at White House conferences, Congress did give him all the power he asked for or desired to a degree without precedent. Mr. Wilson insisted upon assuming the sole responsibility, whether wisely or not, and Congress would fail in its duty if it didn't demand a proper accounting.

But there is a vast difference in the way such an accounting may be demanded. If it shall be done in a straightforward, manly and sincere desire to reveal mistakes in method and administration for the sake of correction and avoidance in the future, nobody, least of all the President, can justly complain. On the other hand, any suspicion of rancor or selfish factionalism would throw sympathy instantly to the President's side. The people went into the war to enforce fair play and square dealing abroad and they will insist upon it at home.

Do the kickers at Washington think that the remarkable patriotic impulse with which the people supported this war, freely sacrificing the best of their young manhood and giving generously of their savings, can be negated or given new direction by mere fault-finding? Perhaps they do. But if they talk to the rank and file of voters, they really compose the Republican

party, they may discover some interesting facts proving the contrary.

But all this aside, it does seem futile to be worrying about such lesser issues when the greater issue by which the President's policies must be judged is yet to be framed through the march of events in Europe. At this moment the eyes of the great mass of Americans—not distinguishing them as either Republicans or Democrats—are focused upon the President abroad. There is where the great issue will be formed and nothing can distract attention from it. So many tremendous factors enter into the results of the Peace Conference, with direct bearing upon the future happiness and prosperity of this country, that it is certain the Democratic party must come before the people, no matter who is the Democratic candidate, upon issues evolved there. Who in either party can accurately predict the result?

If the Republicans would win victory next year they must offer the people something more than "knocks" against the Administration. They must bring forth constructive ideals and ideas; not mere destructive nagging. They must prepare to match Mr. Wilson's vision with a greater vision; they must look well into the future and not back at the immediate past only. They must design definitely, not vaguely. They must know where they want to take the country and say so without mock heroics or patriotic platitudes. They must convince the people that the direction of the Government will be safer in Republican hands than in Democratic. To do this it is essential that they appeal to the best that is in the hearts as well as the minds of the plain, common-sense American man and woman "in the street," in the workshop, in the home. Above all, there must be new faces and new figures to give Republicanism fresh inspiration all the way down the line. Mossbacks must go. This is the course of enlightenment and the only course that will lead to success.

Granting such a program of rejuvenation, there is every reason to believe, judging by the results of the election last November, that the country will swing back to its normal belief in the ability of the Republican party, because, with the exception of Mr. Wilson himself, it is plain to see that the Democratic leadership, with its Dents and Kitchens and such stupid obstructionists, is no whit different from the same old pullback, unprogressive and shortsighted organization it has been since Civil War days. The Republican party has always proudly boasted that it is the party of progress and construction. Now, if ever, is the time to prove it.

That he doesn't regard all test enterprises as beyond criticism is evidenced by Chairman Piez's attitude on the swift vanishing performance of Messrs. Schwab and Hurley.

A VARE IDEA

SENATOR VARE'S promise to agitate for a law under which the civil service regulations would be set aside in the case of every soldier or sailor who sought a place in the State or the municipal service represents the only art of political flag-waving adjusted to a time of peace.

It would require a mind more sensitive than Senator Vare's to realize that men who have been accustomed to standing on their own two feet in a service that asks no favors from anybody might be averse to accepting charitable patronage or political condescension, and that they might object to being used to disguise plans for the further debasement of the public service.

Any one who wants to know how Senator Vare actually feels about service men has only to look at the Vare-controlled police administration of Philadelphia in its present relation to the military service. It may be supposed that soldiers returning from France will be more interested in maintaining the integrity of the institutions for which they fought than in efforts to break them down.

Bolshevism, say the homeers, will come with national prohibition. Probably, then, a lack of beer in Germany caused the world war.

THE NEW RAIL DIRECTOR

THE appointment of Walker D. Hines to succeed Mr. McAdoo as director general of railroads has the aspect of a temporary maneuver. It suggests that Mr. Wilson is now in a mood to help toward the early re-establishment of the rail system under private ownership.

Mr. Hines is a railroad expert of experience; yet, as an executive and as a public figure, he lacks the stature that normally would be expected in his present post, if the President believed that Government control was to be permanent.

The interests of all the people are closely linked with the rail system, and it is to be presumed that a man appointed to direct all the transportation lines of the country would be one loomed larger in the public eye than Mr. Hines.

Page the Doctor
 Senator Reed, back-

ing Attorney General A. L. Becker, of New York, during the Judiciary Committee's hearing, raised his voice when the witness answered him with sarcasm. "It is not necessary," shouted the Senator, "to make those kind of remarks!" And this suggests that Dr. John B. Garber, superintendent of the Philadelphia schools, might start that good English campaign of his in Washington.

At Least They
 Propose
 Senator Sproul ob-

serves that a place at Harrisburg isn't a honeymoon. And one cannot but wonder whether that remark was inspired by the obvious determination of many politicians to marry any job that gets within hailing acquaintance.

He Was a Guest
 at a Speech delivered

at the real estate men's banquet about Secretary Daniels' charges of "that his police administration. And no one suggested that he sit down!"

The Paris Line-Up

Moral Force, Represented by President Wilson, Pitted Against a Triple Machine of Oppportunism and Selfish Interests

By CLINTON W. GILBERT
 Staff Correspondent of the Evening Public Ledger with the Peace Delegation in Europe

Special Correspondence
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Paris, Jan. 11.

It is plain enough over here that the Allied statesmen have preferred to have Mr. Wilson stay home.

His visit troubles them. He is the conscience of the world of today. And a conscience is liked best when it is a very still and very small voice. One does not want it always at one's elbow.

It is so great here that his first speech, his toast in reply to President Poincaré, caused agitation in French circles. A careful reading of the speech makes one wonder what was the reason for the anxiety? It seems the kind of perfectly guarded thing which a man newly arrived would say in a formal toast. No one newly on the scene, especially in so delicate a situation, would say inflammable words. He must need first inform himself.

France at High Tension

But none the less you have to go back to Washington and recall the panic in Administration circles when Marshal Joffre told the newspaper correspondents the real need of dispatching Americans to France to find a parallel to what went on here when the President made his first speech. Nerves must have been in a tension to have magnified so little a thing into so much.

Perhaps the Socialist writers next day hit close to the mark when they called attention to the fact that President Wilson has implied that others than the Entente and the United States must take part in making the peace, while Poincaré implied that the peace must be Entente made.

Here is a real issue. Wilson has always said that the league of nations must be made up by all the nations sitting together. It could not be formed until the war was over. He gave that as his reason for not making any combination with the Allies during the war.

Allies Have Combination

At the time the Allies were urging combination, Colonel House advised entering into one. Mr. Wilson rejected the advice. The result is that the larger Allies at least have a combination. The United States is out of it. While Mr. Wilson was dealing alone with Germany during the exchange of notes with regard to the armistice, the Allies were apparently being knit closer together, just by reason of their exclusion from his confidence for the moment.

Probably they were an inner circle in the war. They had been fighting a long time before we began to fight. They had been associated together for years in European diplomacy. They had made the secret treaties which Russia disclosed. They spoke the same language.

The United States was always an outsider. It entered the war last. It spoke a different language. It had no ends to serve in common with the ends of Europe. It acted from the outset as if it must, at all costs, avoid contamination.

It held its skirts as it passed by its fellows in the enterprise of defeating Germany. It was superior. It was a conscience.

It had the same relation to the diplomacy of the war that the mugwump was to the regulars of the machine in United States party politics. The mugwump may be highly necessary to win an election, but he is always an outsider. When the election is over the party bosses get together and agree on disposition of the spoils.

When the mugwump comes into council he finds an inner circle which has already reached an agreement. He is conscious, arriving late and a bit unweelcome. He arouses a little fear, perhaps some suspicion, any way, and a good deal of impatience. Sometimes he wins over all enemies. It depends on the man. It depends on the people. It does here in this convention, which will dispose of the future of the world.

In a recent dispatch I said that the Big Four would settle all the fundamentals of peace and of international organization. It would be better to speak first of the Big Three—Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando. They are the real inner circle. Wilson is a bigger man than any one of them, the only international figure at the coming conference, the only man with a following in other countries than his own. But the Big Three really met first and made up their minds as far as they dared before Wilson arrived. It was inevitably so. They had much in common.

Mr. Wilson has little in common with them. They had their roots in the past of Europe. Mr. Wilson is in the past in America. They look forward to a future for the world related to the past of Europe. He looks forward to a future of the world related to the past of America. They think of material guarantees of peace; he of moral guarantees of peace. For two years he has been trying to teach them his language. They have not learned it. He will never learn theirs.

They negotiated the secret treaties. The secret treaties fill him with loathing. And the spirit of the secret treaties is a thing to be reckoned with here today. The contest that is going on is a contest between the spirit of the secret treaties and the spirit of the American democracy. It is a fight between the future and the past. The question is not whether or not there will be a league of nations, but whether or not the league of nations will be a vital thing, whether or not things will be done in making peace which will be utterly inconsistent with the league of nations and which will limit its scope and effectiveness.

To revert to the party convention comparison, the Big Three have the votes. Wilson has the force of moral ideals in what will be the most democratically conducted peace conference in the world's history.

It is the old story of a moral issue and the machine. What will happen will depend upon Mr. Wilson.

"Berlin rioters," we are told, "show determined spirit." Yes, an esprit de corps.

How rapidly the old jokes die. Not once during the war did we hear an allusion to the old wheeze about the French being a nation of frog-eaters.

Hindenburg is asking volunteers to enlist for the duration of the armistice.

At any rate, the Berlin newspaper offices just now are not frequented by the mis-

THE FATES



THE CHAFFING DISH

To Luath

(Robert Burns' Dog)

"Darling Jean" was Jean Armour, a "comely country lass," whom Burns met at a penny wedding at Mauchline. They chanced to be dancing in the same quadrille when the poet's dog sprang to his master and almost upset some of the dancers. Burns remarked that he wished he could get any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog did.

Some days afterward, Jean, seeing him pass as she was bleaching clothes on the village green, called to him and asked him if he had yet got any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog did.

That was the beginning of an acquaintance that colored all of Burns' life.—Nathan Haskell Dole.

WELL, Luath, man, when you came prancing

All gliee to see your Robin dancing,
 His partner's muddin' gown mischancing
 You leaped for joy!
 And little guessed what sweet romancing
 You caused, my boy!

With happy bark, that moment jolly,
 You frisked and frolicked, faithful colley;
 His other dog, old melancholy,
 Was pat to flight—
 But what a tale of grief and folly
 You wagged that night!

Al, Luath tyke, your bonny master
 Whose lyric pulse beat ever faster
 Each time he saw a lass and passed her
 His breast went bang!
 In many a woful letter's disaster
 He felt the pang!

Poor Robin's heart forever burning,
 Forever roving, ranting, yearning,
 From you that heart might have been
 Learning
 To be less fickle!
 Might have been spared so many a turning
 And grievous prickles!

Your colley heart held but one notion—
 When Robin flinged in sprightly motion
 You ran to show your own devotion
 And gambol'd too,
 And so that tempest on love's ocean
 Was due to you!

Well, it is now late for preaching
 And hearts are aye too hot for teaching!
 When Robin with his eye beseeching
 By greenside came,
 Jeanie, poor lass, forgot her bleaching
 And yours the blame!

All this unrest among milkmen seems to suggest that they have been mulling over the fourteen pints.

"The Future is only the Past entered through another gate." It is curious to observe that much the same is happening in Berlin now as happened in Paris in 1871. And this time the gate is the Brandenburg Gate.

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At any rate, the Berlin newspaper offices just now are not frequented by the mis-

cellaneous cranks who love to call on editors and offer suggestions for the amelioration of the universe.

The minor poet is like the criminal in that he loves to linger about the scene of his rhyme.

"The Liebknecht followers are now carrying on a violent propaganda."—New York Evening Post.

Undoubtedly they got the idea from the Kaiser's famous flower-plucking tour last spring.

Things That Might Have Been Said Differently

The Belgian peace delegates will arrive next week, says a Paris dispatch, "but, of course, they are in the status of minor belligerents."

Curiously enough, we had gathered the impression that Belgium had played rather an important part in the late war.

Suppose our wives should strike for an eight-hour day?

The really great man is the one who can make the most out of an apparently unpromising situation. How many of us who quote the immortal lines—

O would some power the giftie gie us
 To see ourselves as others see us
 remember that they occur in the poem entitled, "To a Louse, on Seeing One on a Lady's Bonnet, at Church?"

According to Alfred Noyes, the war has caused a dreadful slump in poetry. Everything else has gone up 300 to 400 per cent, but a sonnet that before the war would easily bring \$5 (\$1,800) commands a gulshie (\$5.10) today. Mr. Noyes laughed delectably. "We ought," he said, "to revise the old proverb so as to make it read, 'Poets are born, not paid.'"—London Opinion.

How revealing is time!
 The Great Teacher The Hun wanted to rule the world—can not now rule themselves!

It's a stop-watch on the Rhine so far as Bolshevism is concerned.

The Paris sessions seem to be retarded by their own wait.

After the dock strikes New York will be ready to admit that water has a legitimate use.

Superintendent Robinson's indignant assertion that the civic conscience has been insulted clearly reveals him as the champion of the weak.

"Difference of opinion," said Mark Twain, "makes horse races." In that case Paris, the present headquarters of jockeying, is in for the banner event of the centuries.

There are diplomats in Europe who seem determined to approach the Peace Conference as if it were a poker game.

Considering the amount of public comment it is provoking the fact of London can hardly be called a secret treaty much longer.

The meteorological forecast of "fair" is made for this country this week. Here's hoping it is applicable also to Paris.

The problem of how to get rid of the Kaiser resolves itself into one of shelf-determination.

Theodore Roosevelt's will was registered many times and with surprising vigor before this final specimen of it was prepared.

To Sally

THE man in righteousness arrayed,
 A pure and blameless liver,
 Needs not the keen Toledo blade,
 Nor venom-freighted quiver.
 What though he winds his toilsome way
 O'er regions wild and weary—
 Through Zora's burning desert away,
 Or Asia's jungles dreary.

What though he plow the billowy deep
 By lunar light or solar,
 Meet the restless simoon's sweep,
 Or iceberg circumpolar;
 In bog or quagmire deep and dank
 His foot shall never settle,
 He mounts the summit of Mont Blanc
 Or Popocatepetl.

On Chimborazo's breathless height
 By lunar light or solar,
 Meet the restless simoon's sweep,
 Or iceberg circumpolar;
 In bog or quagmire deep and dank
 His foot shall never settle,
 He mounts the summit of Mont Blanc
 Or Popocatepetl.

Elsewhere was it, Thursday last,
 While strolling down the valley,
 Defenseless, musing as I passed
 A canzonet to Sally.
 A wolf, with mouth-protruding snout,
 By Virtue's shield protected,
 I clipped my hands and raised a shout—
 He heard—and fled—confounded.

Tangler nor Tunis never bred
 An animal more crabbed;
 Nor Tex, nor nurse of lions, fed
 A monster half so rabid.
 Nor Ararat so fierce a beast
 Has seen since days of Noah;
 Nor stronger, eager for a feast,
 The fell constrictor boa.

Oh! place me where the solar beam
 Has scorch'd all verdure vernal;
 Or on a polar verge extreme,
 Blocked up with ice eternal—
 Still shall my voice's tender lays
 Of love remain unbroken;
 And still my charming Sally praise,
 Sweet-smiling and sweet-spoken.

—John Quincy Adams,
 Sixth President of the United States.

Winged Words
 Colonel Roosevelt was a mine of picturesque words and phrases that have become a vital part of the national idiom. Some of them follow:

Speak softly, but carry a big stick.
 I'm for the square deal.
 Mafiacrats of great wealth.
 Perdicars alive or Russell dead.
 The short and ugly word.
 The strenuous life.
 Like King Agag, "stepping softly."
 My hat's in the ring.
 Molluscoid, pussyfoot, bully.
 Austrian Club, deflated.
 Muckraker.
 We stand at Armageddon.

—Clara Herald-Dispatch